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SAN DIEGO
ROUBADOOR

Alternative country, Americana, roots, folk,
blues, gospel, jazz, and bluegrass music news



March 2005

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WRITE TO US!

We'd love to hear from you! Send your comments, feedback, and suggestions by email to: sdtroubadour@yahoo.com or by snail mail to:

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The San Diego Troubadour is dedicated to the memory of **Ellen and Lyle Duplessie**, whose vision inspired the creation of this newspaper.



Dear Troubadour,

This is the finest issue of the *Troubadour* of all. Thank you for reminding us of two of the finest people and one of the finest families I've known. (I've read them all.) It was extremely difficult to read through the blur of tears. I met these unselfish pilgrims through the unique musical talent of their son, Derek. This issue brought about a tsunami of self-pity at the devastating loss of two people who literally changed my life for one far better and forever. Truly an outstanding feature. Ellen and Lyle Duplessie's influence will live forever. Your article reminded me how fortunate I am to have known this outstanding family. Sincerely,
Ray Henault

Dear Troubadour,

I can't get the Duplessie story out of my mind. I feel almost as though I know them after reading what everyone wrote about them in your memorial issue. They were special people who lived their lives fully — that comes across very clearly. They may have packed more into their rather short lives than some of us do in twice the time. That's how I feel after reading about them. Thank you for telling their story. I'm glad to get to know them. It's obvious their spirits live on.
Julie Scott

MAILBOX

Dear Troubadour

Wow, this last issue was really, really good. The whole piece on the Duplessies was very enlightening, touching, and just all-around a good thing. Even though I only knew Ellen through email, I feel like after this article, I have some sort of connection to them. I definitely respect more who they were. So, thanks!
Michael Tiernan

Dear Troubadour

Just wanted to write you a note to say that this month's *Troubadour* is really beautiful. I see how hard you work (and I don't think anyone really understands how hard and time-consuming a project like this is) and I just wanted to let you know it shows. Truly excellent.
Peter Bolland

Hi,

I just finished reading the latest *Troubadour*. It is a wonderful issue! Each of these close friends and family members of Ellen and Lyle's painted such a wonderful honest picture of them. [Although I wrote something, I didn't feel it was] worthy to send in any of my recollections because I just didn't know them as well as others. But I will tell you this: they were the type of folks who, if you only knew them for a minute or 30 years, were able to make you feel welcome into their fold.

I got to meet Ellen and Derek first when we had Derek perform at several Taylor Guitars for Schools events. Derek was a real pro for such a young guy, and Ellen was a kick; she had a million ideas going at once (a kindred spirit!). When Ellen told me about the *Troubadour*, I was jazzed. I love reading all about local performers — the old stories, new stories, where and when they will be playing — all of it!

Ellen immediately sensed that I not only loved my "daytimer" job at Taylor, but that I still have the heart of a musician in me from years past and how much I still

loved playing music. She always made me feel good about keeping that side of myself alive. She and Lyle showed up at a gig I had in La Jolla. I was covering for Nathan Welden (such a nice guy and what a voice!) who was out of town for six weeks. This particular room I'm speaking of is a tough room. It's a four-hour job and the three TVs seem to be turned on all the time, even when a performer is playing (sound turned down, thank goodness). The folks at the bar are usually deep in conversation, and since it's *their* bar, they often turn around and tell the singer to "keep it down" no matter how low you try to set your volume. Ellen and Lyle came in one night and cheered me up immediately. They sat and listened and sang along to most every tune. I invited Lyle up to play, but he said he just wanted to listen that night. They were both so busy with work, family, the newspaper, and music, I was amazed they spent a couple of hours with me. I thanked them for coming in and appreciated it more than they would ever know.

Being at [the *Troubadour* Christmas party a few years ago] is also a wonderful memory for me. Lyle and the gang singing away in the kitchen was such an upper! You are all wonderful folks and I'm glad I've met each of you. Like the others who wrote in, I just can't believe Ellen and Lyle are gone. The fact that we are each "connected" because we knew Lyle and Ellen is wonderful though. It makes us each part of that thread of friendship, and it continues on.

I can't thank you enough for keeping the *Troubadour* alive. This newspaper is vital to the San Diego music scene.
Suzanne Reed



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ROSIE FLORES

SAN DIEGO'S ROCKABILLY FILLY

by Bart Mendoza

Although critically acclaimed rockabilly and Americana singer/guitarist Rosie Flores was born in San Antonio, Texas, on September 10, 1950, it's as a San Diegan that she first made a national impact. True, even before moving to our city at the age of 12, she showed musical inclination. As heard among the bonus tracks on her 1995 *Rockabilly Filly* album, Flores made her recording debut at the age of seven, albeit singing along to the radio to Fats Waller via Billy Williams with "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter."

It was a move to California, however, that set the wheels in motion for the three decades plus she's spent as a musician. Relocating with her family to San Diego in 1962, Flores had a love of music but no clear direction. "The first place that we lived in was Clairemont," recalls Flores. Luckily for music fans, her parent's choice of residence proved to be the needed spark. "I moved right next door to the biggest country music fans that I'd ever met," she recalls. "My girlfriend, who was also 12, and her mother listened to the western station and they kind of turned me on to who Tammy Wynette was."

Despite a passion for country music today, she was less enthused early on. "When I first heard it, I thought 'that's not rock and roll,'" she laughs. "I thought that was kind of corny. But

every time I went over to the neighbors I would hear it, and I think it got into my subconscious." The former Madison High and Hale Jr. High student would overcome her initial reaction to country music. "When I saw it being appreciated by someone so passionately, I thought maybe there's something to this."

Of course, Flores loved all pop music of the day as well. For her initial foray into performing, Flores joined a vocal trio. "I always liked singing, so I started up a little group when I was 13 with my high school friends. We were called the Debs." Flores laughs at the memories. "I've got pictures of us way back then," she remarks. "We were doing kind of a Motown thing, complete with the steps." Interestingly, she wasn't the group's front person. "I started out as a background vocalist with the trio. We were doing a lot of harmonies and soul, sort of a Motown or Stax sound." She picked up a guitar soon after, following in the family footsteps. "My brother Roger played but I didn't pick it up until Christmas vacation when I was 14 going on 15." Her brother was already gigging. "Roger had a band called the Cheques, and they had all their gear set up in the garage. They were a garage band from Clairemont." Flores sounds humorously incredulous. "It was the sixties; everybody had a band," she laughs.

Indeed. Flores' own all girl quartet would be dubbed Penelope's Children. The band's beginnings came from a

school yard observation. "At the time I had never heard of an all girl band. There was a girl that used to do, I guess you could call it 'Taps' at the beginning of every school day. You know, where they raise the flag, you stand at attention and put your hand over your heart?" Flores is clearly bemused by the memory as she hums the tune. "As soon as the bell rang they did 'Taps,' and she used to have this strapped on snare drum. There was a trumpet and a bugle and one other instrument I can't remember, but it was probably a horn." An obvious connection was made. "I thought wow! That girl plays drums!" The other band members came through school as well. "Later I met a couple of girls by trying out for the school talent show, because I always wanted to sing," she explains. "It was in my blood and I met a couple of other girls that played guitar like I did so I thought 'wouldn't that be cool to have a band?'"

Flores sidetracks momentarily on the Cheques. "My brother Roger started that group with a guy called Dana Ferris, who has since passed away. Dana and my brother were a big inspiration to me. They used to hang out and play music in our garage, and that's how it all started. I just said to my girlfriends one day 'how'd you like to borrow my brother's gear? Let's do an all girl band.' Everybody got really excited about it because nobody had ever heard of [groups like] the Bangles back then," she reasons.

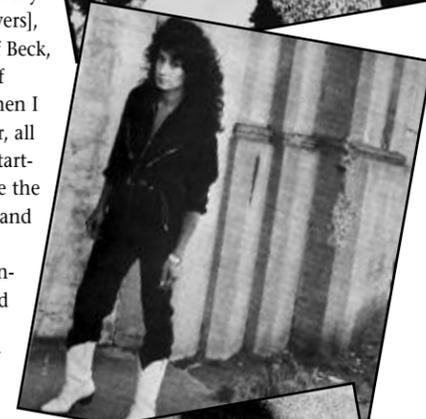
Back then Flores had the same gui-

tar heroes that most kids growing up in the sixties did. "I went through my guitar styles with the British [players], you know Keith Richards and Jeff Beck, the Yardbirds, and all that kind of stuff, because I started playing when I was 15. But then, three years later, all of a sudden the stuff that really started catching my ear was music like the Flying Burrito Brothers and Poco and Linda Rondstadt. You know, the early stuff that had kind of a country twang to it — what they called country rock. When that started happening, that really caught my attention. And that's where the band went." She realizes the name offers a slightly different musical implication. "It was a combination of psychedelia and country rock," she says of the name. But in Penelope's Children we did country rock, that's basically what we did. I mean you can see in the early pictures I'm wearing the cowboy boots and the fringe with the pants tucked in the boots. I had a real appreciation for steel guitars and stuff like that." The conversation sparks a memory. "We used to go out to Spring Valley," she recalled. "Waaaay out there was this country and western place. I can't remember if it had a neon horseshoe or a cowboy boot. I don't even remember the name of the place, but we would go out there as soon as we got to an old enough age and stand in front of the pedal steel guitar player and go 'aaaaahhhh,'" she laughs.

Flores quickly committed to life as a musician. "We went for it. We borrowed the Cheques gear, did a battle of the bands at school, and we came in like third place," she remembers. "We used to do battle of the bands all the time around San Diego. I think we won one of them and came in second another time, but we'd never come in later than third, because we were pretty unique and we were all pretty talented." Though Penelope's Children lasted into the next decade, a record deal wasn't forthcoming despite such notable successes as opening for Creedence Clearwater Revival and the Turtles at downtown's Convention Hall on December 28, 1969.

Flores next appeared as part of the music explosion surrounding the punk scene in 1978 with Rosie and the Screamers, a new group inspired by a Levi and the Rockats, and became a regular at San Diego night spots from the Skeleton Club to the Bacchanal. However, with her options limited locally, she headed to Los Angeles and released a single in 1982. There, in 1983, she put together the Screamin' Sirens, a cowpunk group. By 1985, however, she was already a gigging on her own. An appearance on the compilation *A Town South of Bakersfield* that year soon led to the major label success she deserved. She signed with Reprise in 1987, the first of nine albums in her solo career to date, which helped significantly to revive the career of Wanda Jackson, Flores' early inspiration with whom she dueted and toured.

Flores attributes her determination for getting her music heard and her work ethic to her parents who have supported her from the beginning. She recalls a fateful trip to pick up band gear for Penelope's Children. "My father, Oscar Flores, ended up taking us to the Clairemont Music Center and signed for \$5000 worth of gear," she remembers. "We had a p. a. and we had amps, drums, guitars, and a bass guitar. That's still a lot of money today, but in the late sixties that was an enormous amount of cash." It's clear Flores is still moved by that commitment from her father. "That's how much he believed in us. All of a sudden we had our own gear. And from age 18 forward until today, I've had a professional career in music." She is a realist, however. "I mean, we had to work and make that payment every month, which was like \$80. But that pretty much started my career as a working musician from the age of 16."



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Recordially, Lou Curtiss

I read in the paper this morning that the city of San Diego is proposing to pay two guys \$250,000 to negotiate with the San Diego Chargers with the idea of the city paying even more to construct a new stadium for the Chargers. The most I've ever had to spend on Roots Festival performers in any one year is in the neighborhood of \$20,000. I can't even imagine the kind of festival I could put on with a budget anywhere close to what those two guys are getting. (The city actually had the good sense to turn down a very stupid idea.) It might be nice to have even half of that to spend on roots performers. Last time around I talked about the Roots Festival's early days at SDSU (known as the San Diego Folk Festival) when it had an even smaller budget. I'll continue on that track with memories of festivals six through ten.

Festival Number Six brought out Kentucky folksinger Jean Ritchie; old-timey then-duo Mike Seeger and Alice Gerrard; and an Irish group called the Graineog Ceilidhe Band featuring Joe Murtagh and Kevin Keegan along with Eric Thompson, Cathie Whitesides, Sue Thompson, and Jeremy Kammerer who came down from San Francisco. The All Oakland Ceili Band was also there. Joel Sonnier and Doc Guidry and their band introduced Cajun music to San Diego; Wilbur Ball came out from Albuquerque to play solo this time with his Hawaiian lap steel guitar and a lot of old vaudeville songs. Cousin Emmy, wearing a strapless evening gown, was the first performer on stage, playing a tune on a blown-up rubber glove along with her old-time banjo and fiddle. Her line, "I'm a goin' but I'm a comin' back, darlins," became the motto of that year's festival. Also there were Bay Area performers Rita Weill and Holly Tannen and, most important, Kentucky's Roscoe Holcomb.

Roscoe had been one of the major finds of the 1960s' old-timey revival, the subject of the classic Folkways LP *Mountain Music of Kentucky*, and of John Cohen's film *The High Lonesome Sound*. By 1972 it had been a while since Roscoe's unique guitar, banjo, and distinctly Appalachian voice had been heard. In talking to Mike Seeger about coming out, I mentioned Roscoe and he agreed to accompany Roscoe to San Diego. Roscoe was the big hit of the festival and our efforts on his behalf led to consideration by the National Endowment for the Arts that our folk festival to be part of their National Folklife Endowment.

Festival Number Seven was the first of the Really Big Festivals, which started on Wednesday and ran through Sunday. Performers included veteran country old-time banjo player Wade Mainer and his wife Julia, Bruce (U.Utah) Phillips, folk songster Mark Cooney, Scottish folksong and ballad singer Norman Kennedy, the Sweets Mill Mountain Boys from the San Joaquin Valley (veteran fiddler Ron Highey, guitar man Frank Hicks, and Pete Everwine on banjo), and Graham and Ginie Wickham (formerly of the Possum Hunters String Band) from Oregon. Otis Pierce, who ran a notorious country bar on the King River east of Fresno, sang old-time country songs with the Fresno contingent, which included the Sweets Mill Mountain Boys and Kenny Hall, Jim Ringer, and Ron Tinkler who played together as the Sweets Mill String Band. Jim also did a set in duet with Mary McCaslin. Rick and Sandy Epping, who came over from Ireland, had been told by someone in L.A. that they had been hired, so they surprised everybody when they showed up. A little shuffling around found money to pay them and a spot on the program. Rita Weill, Janet Smith, and Holly

Tannen performed as a trio called Blackwater Side after an old folk song. Hank and Sandy Bradley played some old-time songs. Guy Carawan came out from Kentucky's Highlander Folk School and brought Kentucky coal miner, union organizer, and ballad singer George Tucker with him. Festival regulars included Ray and Ina Patterson, Sam Hinton, Sam Chatmon, Curt Bouterse, Martin Henry, and others. Sandy and Caroline Paton of Folk Legacy records in Sharon, Connecticut, also appeared that year. The festivals just kept getting bigger and better, better and bigger.

Festival Number Eight began a week early with a day of folk and roots music at UCSD, featuring legendary singer-songwriter and guitarist Merle Travis, old-time music's Kenny Hall, one-man band Harmonica Frank Floyd who was one of the early rockabilly pioneers on Sun Records, Molly Stone and the New Honky Tonk Band, Sam Hinton, and the La Jolla Country Dance Orchestra. A whole week of concerts at Folk Arts Rare Records with many of the festival's players followed. (Folk Arts had been doing Friday and Saturday night concerts year round since the previous summer.) In addition to Harmonica Frank, the festival featured Vern and Ray and the Carroll County Country Boys (bluegrass); the Strange Creek Singers (Mike Seeger, Alice Gerrard, Hazel Dickens, Tracy Schwartz, and Lamar Grier); English folk and ballad singer Frankie Armstrong in her first appearance in this country; Tom Waits, who even then with only two LPs out was on the verge of becoming a music legend; U.Utah Phillips who remains a legend in his own time; Mike Enis and his Papago Indian Chickenscratch Band (polkas and two-steps with accordion, saxophone, electric guitar, bass, and drums); Big Jim Griffith, old-time banjo man from Tucson and Arizona state folklorist; and Texas bluesman John Hogg, who recorded a couple of sought after 78s in the late 1940s and who made his only festival appearance anywhere at the Eighth Annual San Diego Folk Festival. Also on the bill were singer-songwriter Jon Wilcox and Yorkshire folk songster Johnny Walker.

That year KPFK Pacifica Radio started to record and later broadcast our festivals to all of Southern California and to such diverse audiences as Australian Public Radio, the CBC in Canada, and the Voice of America. It would have been nice if Howard and Roz Larman and Pacific Radio had returned any of the money they got from sales back to the festival itself, particularly a few years later when the festival fell on hard times. But at the time we thought that increased coverage would get the word out that here in San Diego was a gathering of the clans, the first in a long festival season. People who hadn't seen each other during the winter layoff gathered in San Diego in April. For me, that was one of the most delightful experiences.

Festival Number Nine was, in many ways, the best of them all, though each festival made their own unique contributions. This was the year we brought out the great norteña singer Lydia Mendoza ("The Lark of the Border"); early Grand Ole Opry veterans Sam and Kirk McGee; and the first

big National Endowment for the Arts Folklife Troop, which included 84-year-old Cajun fiddler Denis McGee with Sady Courville and Marc Savoy; master old-time banjo player and fiddler Tommy Jarrell; and the Highwoods String Band. The festival also featured veteran country singer Rose Maddox and cowgirl singer-yodeler Patsy Montana, both of whom were there performing at



their first folk festival ever; the Deseret String Band; and the Jubilee Gospel Quartet of the Wright Brothers. There was also the Old Hat Band featuring Dr. Avery P. Snootfulls Medicine Show with Jeff Thorn as Dr. Snootfulls; John Burke, aka Ebenezer Flue, the fiddling wonder of Gnawbone, Indiana; and Ellen Bush, aka Credipula Crookshank, the nightingale in gingham. That year Hank Bradley teamed up with another old-timey revival veteran Jody Stecher; Jean Ritchie paid us another visit; and Carl Martin, Ted Boogan, and Howard Armstrong, three veteran old-time bluesmen, made some very fine Afro-American string band music. Bill Steele a songwriter from Ithaca, New York, (best known for the song "Garbage") came out as did Bodie Wagner from somewhere in the Midwest. There were lots of locals, old and new, who performed that week, including first-time performer fingerstyle guitarist and singer Bruce Reid (later W.B. Reid) who plays just about anything with strings on it.

I can't name everybody who played over the years but Sam Hinton and Curt Bouterse were at all of them. Sam Chatmon, Tom Shaw, Martin Henry, Bonnie

Jefferson, Robert Jeffery, Kenny Hall, Roy and Ina Patterson, Jim Ringer, and Mary McCaslin were at most of them. Ray Bierl played a lot of them. John Bosley, Del Rey (then known as Lani Kurnik), Walt Richards, and others also played.

Festival Number Ten continued the round-the-clock music and workshops from Wednesday through Sunday, with concerts at Folk Arts that bookended the festival, held every night on the weekend before and during the following week.

The tenth featured the Boys of the Lough from Ireland, Scotland, and the Shetland Islands on their first American tour; Frankie Armstrong; the NEA Folklife troop included Lily Mae Ledford, the original "banjo pickin' girl" from the original Coon Creek Girls on the 1930s radio show *Renfro Valley Barn Dance*; Virginia bluesman John Jackson; Louisiana's great Balfa Brothers (Dewey, Will, and Rodney, and Marc Savoy); and Napoleon Strickland's Fife and Drum Band from Como, Mississippi. We also reunited the Hoosier Hot Shots ("Are you ready, Hezzie?") from the old radio show *National Barn Dance*, 78 LPs, and motion pictures with three original members (Hezzie and Ken Trietsch and Gabe Ward). Wilbur Ball and Cliff Carlisle returned for a second time as did Rose Maddox, Utah Phillips, and Don Parmaley who brought his Bluegrass Cardinals with him. Artie Traum did some fine pickin' on original songs and for the very first time Kate Wolf brought her highly original songs and style to San Diego festival goers. It was a fine



Photo: Bill Richardson
Lou Curtiss

time.

Phew! And we're less than a third of the way there. More next time around.

SOME THOUGHTS ON BENEFITS PAST AND FUTURE

First of all, thanks to Bart Mendoza for putting the show together at Dizzy's and helping me pay moving day bills at Folk Arts Rare Records. Thanks also to Buddy Blue for attempting to put together an all-star show at 4th & B (who canceled at the last minute for no reason that Buddy or I can figure out). Buddy says that the show will be rescheduled at the Belly Up in Solana Beach with a bigger and better cast. There are some mighty good hearted music people in this city of ours and what goes around comes around. I'm proud of the fact that musical people think a small collector's record shop is worth keeping around.

Recordially,

Lou Curtiss





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front porch

Egyptian Tea Room Offers a Variety of Options



Jenelle Culley at the Egyptian Tea Room

by John Philip Wyllie

Near the corner of El Cajon Boulevard and College Avenue in the shadow of Montezuma Mesa sits one of San Diego's more recent meeting places and musical venues. As owner Harry Sevel prepares to celebrate the cafe's first year of existence this month, the Egyptian Tea Room appeals primarily to the scores of SDSU students who live in the area. Ironically, the Egyptian Tea Room usually serves more coffee than it does tea. And aside from a few Egyptianesque paintings and a handful of camel figurines and hookah pipes, it is no more Egyptian than Sin City's Luxor

Photo: John Philip Wyllie

Hotel. In keeping with the Egyptian theme it does at least name some of its food offerings after ancient pharaohs. Glancing down the menu one will also find a few Middle Eastern-Mediterranean dishes such as cous-cous and baklava.

"The Egyptian Tea Room has a wide variety of options," according to Janelle Culley, its hard working 20-something cook, waitress, and busgirl. "It's a coffeehouse and a hookah bar, so you can get coffee, food, hookah, and on some nights, music. We also offer a lot of board games as well as Internet access." Quickly scanning the back room, I saw many books and a stack of games that included Scattergories, Chess, Checkers, Battleship, Candyland, Monopoly, and at least a half dozen others. "Mainly, though, it's just a great atmosphere, Culley added."

Serving breakfast, lunch, and light dinner, the Egyptian Tea Room is open earlier than most college students (including my daughter) wake up (8 a.m.). On Friday and Saturday it stays open until 3 a.m., hours after most baby boomers like myself collapse into bed. Sunday through Wednesday they close at a more reasonable midnight and on the Thursday nights, they are open until 1 a.m.

The Egyptian Tea Room also offers a mixed bag of musical offerings. Beginning at 10:30 on

Sunday morning, patrons will find Brad Tretola, a singer/guitarist, performing gospel, ballads, blues, classic rock, and originals. He returns Sunday nights around 9 p.m. for a more blues oriented show. A second regular, Pat Molley, is there on Wednesday nights, performing a wide range of cover instrumentals with a few originals thrown in for good measure. On Friday night, Zora Ptah sings indie-house along with the instrumental accompaniment provided by her



Egyptian Tea Room, Cafe and Hookah Lounge, at 4644 College Avenue

own deejay. Friday nights are also open mic nights where up-and-coming coffeehouse stars of the future and sometimes not-so-talented wannabes perform and amuse beginning at 9 p.m.

Returning once again to its Middle Eastern theme, the club offers fusion-style belly dancing on the second Saturday of every month from 8:30 to 9:30 p.m.

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by Simeon Flick

Maybe you're itching for some live musical entertainment on a weeknight, but the calendar is relatively exiguous. You might stumble upon an advertisement for something called Acoustic Alliance, which is happening at a prominent local venue and where you might show up to investigate. The ad's byline reads "Listen Local San Diego," which might inspire you, depending on your lifestyle, to utter the query, "There's a local music scene in San Diego?!!!"

You might marvel at the hallowed rock-club-as-church feel of Brick by Brick as you walk in past the grizzled, tattooed veteran bouncer and into the throes of the club's sensuous, dark atmosphere. The sacramental smell of stale beer emanating from everywhere would confirm your suspicions that many an imbibing music fan had had a religious experience or two within this cultural shrine. The bathrooms have layers upon layers of band stickers stuck to the walls as though, not unlike a tree's rings, they signify the club's age and prestigious history.

Later you may see numerous amiable patrons milling about, absorbed in their own religious experiences.

They're talking with each other, mingling, some with beverages in hand, most with wide smiles on their lips and eyes alternating from their adjacent colleagues to the four well-lit figures on the stage with whom you suspect they are also acquainted. It might be hard for you to discern the musicians from their fans, and many of the musicians are on the bill with several of their fellow friends. The moment seems like it might be on the cusp of some wonderfully utopian, idealistic unity.

You might follow their eyes to the four artists onstage at that time, most of whom are comfortably strapped into acoustic guitars — some sitting, some standing — and then with a start you may realize who it is in front of you. Could that be Gregory Page and Lisa Sanders next to amazing up-and-comers like Anna Troy and Pete Thurston? Could that be Robin Henkel next to Zach Goode of Divided by Zero? You might ask yourself how such a wonderfully disparate blend of local talent came to be under one roof, and why this serendipitous discovery didn't occur sooner.

And then you might see her, a flash

of kinetic motion quickly darting across the periphery — a whirling dervish of long blonde hair who, either by necessity or by nature or both, cannot sit still. She's too busy emceeing and making announcements from the sound

booth or adjusting equipment levels and monitors onstage when there's no one else present to run the sound. Or she'll stop to dish with so many people, it would only be logical to conclude that she knows everyone in the building. In the next instant she too might be onstage, grooving a shaker and singing either backing vocals for friends or lead vocals with her own band. She looks like a less arcane version of Stevie Nicks, and she belts it out with the alto soul of a Janis Joplin or Tina Turner.

You might think back to the name you saw on the ad for the show — aaah, *this* must be Cathryn Beeks!

And who else would it be? Cathryn has done more to promote the local music scene in the past year through her new production company, Listen Local San Diego, than just about anyone else in recent memory. She's made the world a little smaller by way of her astounding ability to befriend, consolidate, and cross-pollinate disparate factions in the local scene, with the rarely observed tendency to support and promote other musicians and artists with the same fervor and drive that she pours into her own endeavors. She's the paragon of a newly emerging paradigm wherein out of necessity a person pursuing the purity of an independent career in the arts must wear many hats.

The byproduct of her selfless, multifaceted efforts over the past year has been the growing sensation of a coalescing grassroots unity among local musicians, which is reminiscent of what cities like Seattle and Austin have enjoyed but has thus far seemed elu-

Cathryn Beeks Finds her Home



places from Jackson Hole, Wyoming, to Jacksonville Beach, Florida, singing covers in clubs and on cruise ships.

However, it wasn't until landing in Cincinnati, Ohio, in the early nineties that she began to compose her own songs, releasing

her first CD under the moniker JunkQueen shortly thereafter.

San Diego enchanted her during a two and a half month-long, nationwide busking trip in 2000 with Heather Gmucs, an erstwhile collaborator. Cathryn found herself entranced by the idyllic local climate and made a point to remain when Heather returned to Ohio later that year. It wasn't long before she met her current songwriting partner, guitarist/vocalist Matt Silvia, and formed 8 Ball Rack, putting out one CD and disbanding shortly thereafter. Fate conspired with design when she was asked to host a new open mic night at Mission Beach's Coaster Saloon in June of 2003.

"A year later I was booking Friday and Saturday nights [at the Coaster Saloon] as well as hosting the open mic," Cathryn recalls via email. "I was able to begin working part time from home, concentrating on my own songwriting. In July of 2004, the owner of the Coaster discontinued our business relationship, which forced me to purchase my own p.a. and look for other venues to host my shows. I named the shows Listen Local and vowed to keep them cover free so that people would be encouraged to support the local music scene."

sive here. Miss Beeks is a catalyst of the highest order, mixing business with pleasure so seamlessly as to make her life read like a continuous adventure.

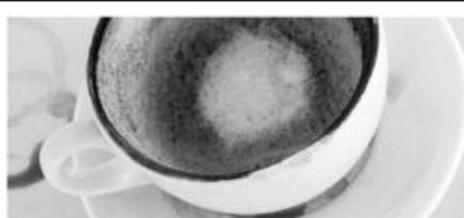
Considering she's virtually a card-carrying Gypsy, it's remarkable that Cathryn has been in San Diego for five years. Born in Riverside and raised in Lancaster east of Los Angeles, she caught the music bug in college while working as a real estate secretary. Less than a year later she bought a modern version of the Gypsy's wagon (a motorhome) and hit the road to pursue the life of an itinerant musician. She lived the dream in a variety of

Cathryn is optimistic about the future. "I'm busy and broke but happier than I've ever been. I play with some amazing people in the Cathryn Beeks Band: Matt Silvia, Will Bonnar [lead guitar], Scott Wilson [bass], and Jason Langton [percussion]. I provide backing vocals in the Downtown Moneywasters, which is Thomas Lee's newest and greatest project. I have a new CD out with the Gandhi Method [nominated for a 2004 San Diego Music Award and reviewed on page 13] and I've been busy writing songs in my home studio. My hope is that someone famous will buy a few of those songs so that I can continue my life of leisure. That life includes working full-time on ListenLocalsd.com — maintaining the website and booking and promoting upcoming shows during the day. Four nights a week I provide sound and host a showcase at one of the various venues I work with. It's been a cool experience getting to know all of the musicians who make up the different music scenes in San Diego.

"I live in a beautiful city with the best weather, making a living doing what I love. My family and friends are healthy, happy, and close by and just recently I met the man. Things are super."

It's possible that this Gypsy has found her home.





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Sat 12th Anya Marina Ashley Matte
Sun 13th Andreamax Band, Campaign for Quiet
Wed 16th Tim Corley, Will Edwards, Nathan Aaron, Jane Lui
Thurs 17th Acoustic Underground presents: Jimmy Patton
Fri 18th Bushwalla, The Biddy Bums
Sat 19th Gregory Page
Sun 20th Angela Correa CD Release
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parlor showcase

by Chuck Schiele

Jim Earp is a humble man. But his hands are not. I met him quite some time ago — through the studio glass — when Frank Drennen, whom I met while taking recording classes at Mira Costa College, invited me to Jim's recording session. Five guys were in the mixing room telling Frank which knob to turn as he just turned whatever he wanted to turn regardless. And I was one of 'em. While fixed with nearsightedness on the console, an enormous swell of electric beauty oozed through the monitors and filled the room like a warm Godzilla anthem. Just like that. And everybody stopped, instantly forgetting their current thought, and looked up. This guy was a serious pro. I asked, "Holy smoke, who's that?"

"That's Jim Earp," Frank stated proudly.

I still know Frank. But since that time in the studio, Jim and I grew to be friends. Eventually we became bandmates for five years in Modern Peasants. Not only was he everything you'd want from a lead rock guitar player but he was also gracious enough to introduce me to the alternate tuning world, not to mention to better guitar playing in general. And through all of that, we became even better friends. I must admit I found it to be my privilege, always, to stand in Jim's guitar-playin' shadow. Though we've moved on from the Peasants, we still hook up occasionally for a show together or a coffee now and then and a little guitar. So when it was suggested that the *Troubadour* cover the dude, it was once again my privilege to tell this story, which includes anecdotes of old and his recent visit to my new house as I was moving in.

It's 7:30 p.m. during a break in an otherwise record-breaking week of

rain. We're sitting in my barren kitchen and he's got his Martin Triple-O with him. He's casually tickling his way through Cole Porter's "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" while he's telling me about the stuff he's been up to lately.

He's recalling how he started playing in 1973 when his best buddy's brother showed him a few fingerpicking patterns after hearing his pal cover Paul Simon's "Cathy's Song."

"I just wanted to play fingerstyle guitar after I heard it," says Jim. "I asked him to show me a few fingerpicking patterns. He was gracious. And I went home and practiced those patterns."

We take a few moments to talk about Jim's arrangement on Porter's beautiful changes. He's plucking here, running there, offering guitar-head insight. I asked Jim to offer a brief

chronology of his career in music in terms of inspiration, matter of style, and technology.

"In the spring of 1975 I became a Christian, and that has been the definitive turning point in my life and my music. After I came to Christ I started putting my ideas to music. I once heard a quote from some philosopher — and I paraphrase — 'that we speak when silence is no longer suitable.' That is especially true in music. Some artists are seemingly content never to speak with their own voice. Classical musicians often spend their lives interpreting the voice of master composers and have no inclination to ever put an original piece of music to pen. Other artists write because they have no other choice. Silence just doesn't work for them. Well, for me, after my conversion, there was really no other choice but to start composing and writing."

I ask Jim to move his chair to another part of my tiled kitchen so I can take a few pictures against the big wall. While fussing about, he's listing his influences as Leo Kottke, John Fahey, Bruce Cockburn, and Christian singers Mark Heard and Bob Bennett

Roses, Wood & Steel

TIM EARP



Photo: Steve Covault



Jim Earp at NeilFest, November 2004

in the earlier part of his development. In the '80s Jim's course was punctuated when he started playing electric guitar and was especially smitten by the approach of Andy Summers.

"A post-punk textural style," explains Jim.

The early '90s found Jim focusing specifically on acoustic fingerstyle again, first through the influence of Alex Degrassi and later the French-Algerian born guitarist Pierre Bensusan who composes exclusively in the DADGAD tuning.

"When I heard his music it went straight to the bone. It was like an epiphany. I just tuned to DADGAD and started composing instrumentals. And they just kept coming. I found myself in the unique and blessed position of doing something else! Most players define their style in their twenties and



Modern Peasants (Jim Earp on far right, Chuck Schiele on far left) at Java Joe's in Ocean Beach before it became a Starbucks.



then spend their lives refining that style. I switched and was suddenly writing a steady stream of instrumentals. And after a bit the Celtic thing began to creep in. I don't know where it came from, but it did."

A lot of things have come to Jim. In 1978 Yugoslavian master guitar luthier Bozo Podunavac moved to Normal Heights within six blocks of where Jim lives. They became friends and Jim subsequently made his own guitar while taking a guitar building class in luthery school. Several colleagues agree that Jim's guitar is a "red violin" of guitars.

He's released several projects including *Chansonnier* (1990), a songwriter thing with a Bruce Cockburn-Cat Stevens approach, musically speaking, and Judeo-Christian themes, lyrically. The year 1996 brought the formidably gorgeous *Rosewood*, an album comprised solely of instrumental compositions. *Rosewood* unanimously garnered positive reviews and praise in the international and national trades. On more than a few compilations Jim's tunes ride along side such guitar greats as Wings' guitarist Lawrence Juber, Davy Johnstone (Elton John), and ex-Hellecaster John Jorgenson.

From 1995-1999, he played lead electric guitarsynth in Modern Peasants, offering an irreverent array of textures to the exotic "peasant" mix. I recall how Jim and I spent a bit of time with a variety of tunings and on one occasion I asked him to show me a song he was playing called "The Brightest Day." Ironically, it turned out to be written by Frank Drennen. I learned it as my own introduction to an open-G tuning (Jim's arrangement), which eventually evoked a composition of my own called "Higher Ground." The private souvenir of this path of inspiration is among my most favorite.

Smiles to Go was released in 1999 much in the instrumental style of the *Rosewood* album. In fact, it was chosen as one of the ten best independently produced acoustic guitar CDs of 1999-2000 by *Acoustic Guitar* magazine and was subsequently a winner in their Homegrown CD Awards contest that same year.

Be Thou My Vision came out in 2002, a collection of instrumentalized hymns ranging in origin from ancient Irish and European to Appalachian and Americana styles. Jim claims, "My biggest challenge was to arrange vocal-based melodies into

arrangements that retained the beautiful spirit of the original songs while introducing engaging solo guitar ideas."

This past fall Jim signed a deal with recent Grammy-winning Solid Air Records, the country's largest instrumental acoustic guitar label (to which the aforementioned Lawrence Juber is also signed). Last year the label also issued the winning Best Instrumental Disc, a compilation called *Pink Guitar*, featuring guitar arrangements of Henry Mancini compositions. In kind, the label is in the planning stages for another issue focusing on Cole Porter tunes. And Jim will be there with "Daddy."

"My biggest challenge was to arrange vocal-based melodies into arrangements that retained the beautiful spirit of the original songs while introducing engaging solo guitar ideas."

We're still in the kitchen taking photos and playing guitars. After about a hundred photos, we move the chair around and Jim starts tuning to DADGAD, explaining the origins of an old Scottish Air called "Ye Bank and Ye Braes o' Bonnie Doon" and then tears into it. I sit there relishing the private concert time my friend is giving me. The sound flows like frankincense meandering through the maze of the house. It is one of the most beautiful things I'll ever hear.

Regarding the San Diego scene, Jim's feelings are bittersweet. "Like many others I have a love-hate relationship with the San Diego music scene. The fans are phenomenal and I sincerely appreciate those who take time out of their lives to come hear me play the same old songs and tell the same jokes week after week. On the other hand, the San Diego music scene and its power elite and the politics of it all just hit my gag reflex really hard. I tried to fit in. I've offered a warmly extended right hand of friendship to everyone I've met, be it artist, club owner, or magazine editor. More often than not what I've received as a sign of support or interest was a



Jim Earp with the guitar that he built.

warmly extended middle finger. As I've gotten older I've grown less bitter and more realistic about things. I know who my audience is. I know who my friends are."

Jim hands me his Martin with the silent understanding that it's my turn to play for him — now. And he continues...

"There are talented and visionary writers and players all over the place. And every week I hear somebody new who blows my mind. San Diego is a curious town as far as the music industry goes, because if it weren't for Camp Pendleton, L.A., Orange, and San Diego Counties would be one huge megalopolis. San Diego is geographically an island of sorts from the whole L.A.-Hollywood entertainment industry. Thus, an artist can live down here, groom his or her act for years in front of modest crowds, and in some cases develop into world-class talent. And still they operate in obscurity unless the miracle break comes along. Many San Diego artists have realized that it was in their best interests to go to L.A. or tour Japan or Europe or whatever. And when they do, they invariably discover wonderful receptions by people who wonder why they aren't internationally known. Ironically, San Diego is the place from which to depart when one is trying to make it as a musician — and also the place where the bigger shots like to go, taking advantage of the remoteness, the hospitality, and the near/distant proximity to the L.A. scene."

Jim's seems to respond to the scene simply by not focusing on it. Rather, he concentrates on what he's doing, more so than the fact that he's the one doing it. And while the world around him is full of master plans, elbow-rubbing politics, and shenanigans, Jim stands like a rock in the

storm all by himself doing his thing. And like a true master, he does that very well. Before the year is out he will be playing routinely around the San Diego area, with additional dates in Nashville and Michigan. In September he will play in the International Fingerstyle Championship in Winfield, Kansas.

You can find more information about Jim Earp at:

OFFICIAL WEBSITE

<http://www.guitar9.com/rosewood.html>

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<http://www.acousticmusicresource.com>

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Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden

SAN DIEGO BLUEGRASS SOCIETY

The San Diego Bluegrass Society was formed in the 1960s as the San Diego Bluegrass Club by a group of locals who loved bluegrass music. The idea was to organize jam sessions, to secure venues where folks could get together regularly to play and hear good bluegrass music, and to undertake other activities to promote the enjoyment of bluegrass in San Diego. Rick Kirby, who currently plays and sings lead with Lighthouse was elected the first president. Soon jam sessions and get togethers in local pizza parlors and elsewhere began to materialize, a newsletter began production, members were signed up, and the organization was off and running.

Throughout the 1970s, 1980s, and into the 1990s the club continued to expand in both membership and activities. Venues for regular jams were added and some lost; concerts were presented; and "Grassology," a program to promote bluegrass in the schools, was in full swing. Under the decade long tenure of President Elizabeth Burkett, which ended in the early 2000s, the club partnered with the Bluegrass Association of Southern California (BASC), a comparable organization covering the L.A. and Orange County areas, to collaborate on a newsletter (*InTune* magazine). A joint web page (www.members.aol.com/intune-news/main.html) was also developed, which includes band resources, a calendar of events, and other useful information. The club also produced an outstanding live CD during this time, recorded at the club's monthly event at the Carlton Oaks Country Club under the guidance of Kim Weeks and Richard Burkett. The CD is still available and is packed with great music from top San Diego and L.A. bands.

In 2001 the San Diego Bluegrass Club was incorporated as a federal and state tax-exempt non-profit 501(c)(3) corporation and its name was changed to the San Diego Bluegrass Society. This enables the Society to accept tax-exempt donations and grants and to provide other operational benefits. The Society partnered with the North County Bluegrass and Folk Club to produce the Julian Bluegrass Festival for a couple of years, and in 2003 the two groups started their own Summergrass bluegrass festival at the Antique Gas and Steam Engine Museum in Vista. This year the third annual Summergrass (August 26-28) has a great lineup of music, headlined by the Nashville Bluegrass Band. Look for more information in this column as summer approaches.

The Society's current Board of Directors includes Dwight Worden, president; Bob Pearson, vice president; Jason Weis, secretary; and Kit Birkett, treasurer, along with Dee Dee Hansen, Gary Kennedy, Hank Hiskes, and Vonnie Tatar filling out the Board of Directors. This is an approachable group, so go ahead and ask questions or share your opinions. We'd love to hear from you.

So, what can the SDBS do for you? Well, for a measly \$20 per year you and your whole family can become members, netting you a copy of *InTune* magazine every other month, a copy of the SDBS *Tweener* on alternate months, flyers and email alerts for all SDBS concerts and programs, access to BASC/SDBS weekly email announcements, eligibility for a free Bluegrass in the Schools program at your school of choice, notices of campouts and other special events, and connection to many wonderful bluegrass



folks. Whew! That's a lot for 20 bucks! To join, email or call Dee Dee Hansen at: aradcliffe@san.rr.com or (619) 276-1949, or stop by the membership table at any event.

If you want to check out the scene, come to one of the regular SDBS events. Bring your instrument for some jamming, listen to the bands, and see what you think. You won't regret it. The SDBS meets at Fuddruckers in La Mesa's Grossmont Shopping Center on the second Tuesday of the month, 7-10 p.m. Likewise, on the third Tuesday of every month at Fuddruckers in Chula Vista. On the fourth Tuesday of the month, 6-9 p.m., SDBS meets at Godfather's Pizza on Clairemont Mesa Blvd. The featured band on March 22 is the Tonewoods. I hope to see you there!

KENNY WERTZ

Kenny Wertz, a local San Diegan and current resident of Fallbrook, has seen and done it all, or so it seems. Maybe not quite "all," as he is still active and continues to make long lasting tracks in the bluegrass world.

Kenny started out playing banjo with the Scottsville Squirrel Barkers along with Chris Hillman, Larry Murray, and Ed Douglas. In 2003 the *San Diego Troubadour* brought this great group together for a reunion concert at the Carlsbad Village Theatre followed by a performance the next day at the Adams Ave. Roots Festival to an enthusiastic crowd. Hey, who doesn't want to see Chris Hillman (the Byrds, Rock and Roll Hall of Fame), Bernie Leadon (the Eagles), harmony singer Herb Pedersen, and Kenny Wertz (Flying Burrito Brothers, Country Gazette)? Last year the Squirrel Barkers took home a well deserved Lifetime Achievement Award at the San Diego Music Awards.

In 1962 Kenny left the Squirrel Barkers and went on to join Byron Berline, Herb Pedersen, and bassist Roger Bush to form Country Gazette in 1971, playing guitar and sing the high harmonies. That same year Kenny, Byron, and Roger joined the Flying Burrito Brothers and appeared on their final album *Last of the Red Hot Burritos*. Banjo player Alan Munde then joined the trio and they reformed Country Gazette, recording the highly acclaimed *Traitor in Our Midst* album. Later Kenny played on Chris Hillman's *Morning Sky*.

In the 1990s Kenny formed a new bluegrass band called Down the Road with locals Roger Gagos on mandolin, Becky Green on electric bass, Kit Birkett on guitar, and Kenny on banjo. They played for SDBS and at other local venues and won the Pizza Band Competition at the Huck Finn Festival in Victorville, earning Down the Road a trip to Kentucky for a showcase at the International Bluegrass Music Association annual event. Not bad!

Kenny recently formed a new band called 117° West, with Becky Green on bass, Dan Broder on guitar, Darren Weis on mandolin, and Kenny on banjo. They played at the Julian festival last year and will play at Summergrass in August. Look for some interesting "out of the box" material from 117° West.

If you want to know more about Kenny, ask him. You will find him at many of the local SDBS events.



by Sven-Erik Seaholm

SEVEN THINGS I LEARNED FROM THE BEATLES



When people come over to the house/studio that my wife and I share, they often look at my *Abbey Road* poster, framed prints of both John Lennon and George Martin, and various other Fab Four paraphernalia and say, "Wow, someone really likes the Beatles." While it's true that I do enjoy their music (and I've learned that there are actually people who *don't*...gasp!), that is not the primary reason for their prominent placement in my working and living space. It's what they represent in the context of musical and recording history: the highest standard of excellence.

The Beatles essentially began their existence in much the same way many bands did. They worked hard and gigged a lot, got rejected by record labels, and eventually hooked up with a good manager (Brian Epstein) and a great producer (Sir George Martin). What would eventually result is a world-wide phenomenon, that judging from what had come before and what has happened since, will never occur again.

1. NOTHING BEATS GOOD, OLD FASHIONED HARD WORK FOR RESULTS

It is my firm belief that with all the talent and skill the Beatles had, it was their work ethic that made them better and kept them prolific. They didn't even start off doing their own music! Though they had been writing since very early on, George Martin told them their songs weren't strong enough for him to go to bat for them with the record company. So instead of parting ways with him, they worked even harder. The fact that your baby niece and your grandmother probably both know a Beatles tune says something for the results.

Here's another one: While they were working on the *Abbey Road* album, Paul showed the band the song "Oh! Darling," a bluesy torch number with a gritty, belted out vocal, which many believe to be one of Paul's best. At the time Lennon said to McCartney something along the lines of, "Well, you do the pretty stuff great, but we all know that I'm the screamer, so I should do it." Paul merely strengthened his resolve and showed up at the studio an hour early every day that week to lay down vocals for it. By week's end, he finally nailed a take to his (and everyone else's) satisfaction...and he was *Paul McCartney*.

2. TRY IT!

The world's most popular band could have rested on its laurels, played it safe, and just given the record company essentially another version of the same album *ad infinitum*. Instead, they gave us perhaps one of our greatest gifts. They parlayed their large budget and creative

curiosity into a master course in what could be done in the studio. Tape loops, flanging, automatic double tracking (ADT), microphones in milk bottles, and putting guitars and vocals through rotating speakers are only a small portion of their discoveries still in use today. Hell, while recording "Tomorrow Never Knows" on *Revolver*, Lennon wanted to be swung around the room by a rope tied to his feet to get the vocal sound he was hearing.

3. IT'S NOT WHAT YOU HAVE, BUT WHAT YOU DO WITH IT

The *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* album, with its complex orchestrations and innovative recording techniques, was indeed recorded onto just four tracks. Granted, there were two four-track machines. They would fill up one with bass, drums, and guitars; mix those down to two tracks on the second machine and add the strings, horns, etc.; mix those four tracks onto two tracks on the first machine; then record the vocals on the remaining two tracks. They usually did the vocals last so they'd sound the best. This, of course, took some planning and also necessitated making sure they had the best takes possible, because there was no going back to redo the bass line, guitars or whatever.

4. COMMIT

It also meant that whatever effects you were using were kept forever. So, if there was a rhythmic delay on the snare, you played to it and heard it on playback. Nowadays, everyone wants to "do it later," recording without effects so that the exact amount of "seasoning" can be added at mix time. People even record the guitar direct so that they can choose the perfect amp setting after the fact! I understand the concept and have used it myself, but try this: Play through the song one time through your currently preferred amp setup and do another take direct. If you don't hear a difference in the feel and dynamics, I'll eat your copy of the white album.

5. GET IT RIGHT OR MAKE IT RIGHT

The song "Strawberry Fields Forever" (originally recorded for *Sgt.*



Sven-Erik Seaholm

Pepper's but ending up on *Magical Mystery Tour*) is actually a composite of two entirely different takes, numbers 7 and 26. What's amazing about that is that they're in two different keys and tempos! John liked the sweet, stripped down approach of the earlier takes and wished they could retain that vibe and join it to the more grandiose version it had evolved to. Take 7 was slower and down a half-step from the later version, so it was decided they would try to speed it up and splice it to 26, which was slowed down by roughly the same amount. It worked! It happens approximately one minute into the song, after the "Let me take you down..." part. Listen and see what rewards fearless thinking can bring.

6. BACK IT UP

Great care was always taken in documenting every Beatles recording session. That's how great books like *The Complete Beatles Recording Sessions* by Mark Lewisohn came to be. Likewise, the original recordings were backed up with diligent redundancy and stored with equal thoughtfulness. When you think about all the technological advancements in the last 30-40 years (Stereo LPs, 8-track cartridges, cassettes, CDs, DVDs) it's worth noting that the high fidelity of all those masters is still available.

7. A GREAT SONG IS ALWAYS BETTER THAN A GREAT RECORDING

All the technology and expert production in the world will never make an average song a great one, only a marginally better one. A wonderful melody and an imaginative lyric that fits, well...they just might be a start in the right direction.

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning producer and recording artist who has never attended a BeatleFest. He is currently working on a new album with his band, The Wild Truth (www.thewildtruth.com), and trying not to look sort of like John Lennon.

THE SAN DIEGO FOLK HERITAGE PRESENTS



MARK SPOELSTRA & PEGGY WATSON

Saturday, March 5, 7:30 p.m.
\$15 (\$12 for SDFH members)
San Dieguito United Methodist Church
170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas



LUCY KAPLANSKY

Sunday, March 13, 7:00 p.m.
\$18 (\$15 for SDFH members)
San Dieguito United Methodist Church
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STEVE GILLETTE & CINDY MANGSEN

Sunday, March 20, 7:00 p.m.
\$15 (\$12 for SDFH members)

Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park,
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Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

"The more things change, the more they stray from uniformity."

— Michael Jackson

"Do that to me one more time."

— Tennille Dragon, Marilyn Chambers, et al.

As a mere consumer, I had finally reached the last straw. The beautiful new CD I held in my hands while scanning its voluptuous backside seemed to be imploring me. "Buy me," it cooed, cooingly, "or you'll regret it for the rest of your days."

My anger boiled; I resented the increasingly bold erudition of modern commodities.

Must I obey and purchase it? Feeling feverish, I stuck the CD in the back of the stack and turned to pace the aisles, finally landing at the magazines rack where I could privately consider whether to buy the damned thing or not. With my back turned from it now, and many yards away, its glossy face would not intrude into my deliberations. But its very title haunted me:

The Complete, Ultimate, Essential (We Swear to God This Time) The Mamas and the Papas

Without it, my gigantic home collection of John, Denny, Cass, and Michelle would be forever incomplete. With it, a total of two short tracks among its three disks would be the only newcomers to a most cherished wing of my audio library.

Among collectors (excluding dealers) there are basically two types that co-exist: the casuals and the completists. Both exhibit admirable passion. Both are artistic and creative. And the casuals can often lead fulfilling lives.

Completists expend inordinate amounts of energy finding and filling voids. Like Bill Clinton in a way, but without the cigars. I thank God I'm not among them.

Except when it comes to a handful of subjects. A certain magazine, maybe, or a movie. Or a group as delicious as the Mamas and the Papas.

So my meditations themselves were a waste of time; my purchase of the new CD set was proscribed by providence if not exactly demanded by law.

Later at home I admire the neat row of skinny plastic spines — precious volume after volume containing (along with bootlegs) everything ever commercially released by the flowery four from a time long ago when men were lucky and heartbreaking lust was spelled Michelle. All the repackaging over the years hasn't been particularly inventive, but it has been relentless and obviously lucrative. "California Dreaming" appears in all but three official titles. As I mentioned earlier, two never-before-released tracks appear among the 74 in the new, limited edition compendium.

The first is a 1966 *a capella* cover of Led Zeppelin's "Stairway to Heaven," a song that actually would not even be written until several years later. For that reason alone it is an astonishing accomplishment, but the song's transformation into a Sousa march is sheer, irrefutable genius. The innate martial ambience of the lyric is here brought to the fore, and if this doesn't soon become our new national anthem, then we must truly be living in a scary country ruled by a maniac.

The second new track does much to bridge the gap between humanity and celebrity. Surreptitiously recorded by John Phillips during the *People Like Us* sessions just outside the studio restroom door, we hear several minutes of the frank results of a case of food poisoning suffered by Michelle Phillips. With the addition of gentle, soft guitar arpeggios, what might have been an embarrassment becomes a vibrant sort of water ballet, driven by forceful, staccato-like bursts of energy. There was more in Michelle, certainly, than one could have supposed.

As the very constitutional title of this latest collection attests, it's going to take more than inventiveness and nerve to name the next repackaging of M&P material, which I hear is tentatively scheduled for release around

Photo: Brinke Stevens



The scintillating Mr. Sinatra

Christmas time.

Those who oppose the naked greed of so much repackaging these days will sooner or later be tempted to start pointing fingers. My own personal villain began a trend that truly has changed the modern entertainment industry. Yup, it was Steven Spielberg and his *Close Encounters of the Third Kind, the Special Edition*. Reap millions from a popular product, tweak it a bit a year or so later and reap millions more.

Deluge the public with something they love so much, they have to buy it and make it a part of their lives. Then, actually owning it, they learn to love it even more. Wait a while. Then reissue it (in a more expensive edition) with extras or a bit of remastering. The fans will surely end up buying that too. But if you're Spielberg, you won't do commentary on the extra audio tracks. Save that for a future repackaging, and make a few hundred million more from the saps. Then by that time a new product format will have caught on and the whole process can be repeated.

The completists are the real losers here, their pockets draining into the coffers of capitalist pigs who rut contentedly in their own rich slop.

Frankly, sometimes I want to squeal myself. But really, that's probably for never having had the opportunity to cause Michelle Phillips to do the same. If I need deliverance, I'll dream.



RADIO DAZE

by Jim McInnes

RUNAWAY FREIGHT TRAIN

It was in 1970 when I saw the flyer in a cafeteria at Southern Illinois University: *Wanted: Lead guitarist into Hendrix, Clapton, Beck, and Blackmore to complete hot new rock band. Own equipment a must.* I had recently purchased a Fender Stratocaster and a Marshall amplifier the size of a refrigerator, so I owned my gear, and I was into those guitarists (although playing like them was something else entirely). When I auditioned all I had to do was turn the "refrigerator" up to 10, step on the fuzz box, ride the wah-wah pedal, and let loose the shriek of the mutilated! Ten minutes later I got the job. I was the lead player for The Soup.

So now we were a band. There was me, Terry Broida on guitar and lead vocals, Denny Olvera on bass, and a 16-year-old kid named Charlie on drums. We practiced twice a week in a cement warehouse until we were ready to face the public. Denny got us a gig where he worked, which was at the Chester (Illinois) Mental Health Center. It wasn't a hip nightclub or a big-stage outdoor show, but we had to start our career somewhere.

On gig day (3 p.m. showtime!) we set up our gear in the Center's cafeteria/auditorium. As we carefully tuned our guitars to Terry's tuning fork (!), the orderlies began escorting the audience to their seats. It was the kind of crowd you'd expect in a mental hospital: There was a "Rainman," chattering away at the guy pulling imaginary spiders from his jacket; the wizened old woman sitting alone and rocking back and forth; and the guy who wouldn't shut up about how much he really wanted us to play "String of Pearls" because he wrote it and demons stole it from him. (Wait a minute. That *does* sound like something a record company would do!) I guessed that the man who'd been in a coma for years was there for the vibrations. It was full of every stereotypical mental patient. In other words, it was an actual *cuckoo's nest*.



Jim McInnes

I was scared! I told the other Soup(s), "I don't think this is gonna work. We should bail now!"

We played.

As usual, our first song was our best. ("Ya gotta get 'em to pay attention!" said P.T. Barnum.) I turned the "refrigerator" up and stomped the fuzzbox as we kicked into the Yardbirds version of "Train Kept a-Rollin'."

From where I was standing, the band sounded like a combination of screeching brake shoes on a runaway freight train, solid mahogany furniture tumbling down a spiral staircase, and the guy who wears the question mark suit in those horrible "free money from the government" cable TV commercials

— only on a helium jag.

We sounded horrible.

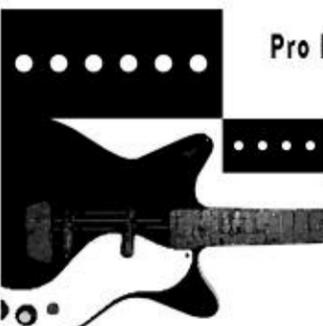
But the crowd went nuts . . . so to speak. Everyone ran onto the dance floor! The wizened old lady raised an arm and ran around like a dervish, screaming incoherently. The Rainman shook his arms and covered his ears. Many of the guys danced like guys, stepping to the beat between the three and four. And we received constant demands for "String of Pearls." Finally we announced "String" and played "Train Kept a-Rollin'" instead. It didn't matter; it all sounded the same.

It was incredible. A horrible gig by an awful band had made a difference to those folks! That was when I truly understood the magic of music.

Hear Jim McInnes weekdays on *The Planet 103.7* 2-7pm and then again on Sunday nights 6-8pm for his show *The Vinyl Resting Place*. Hear his band, *Modern Rhythm*, on April 2 at *Humphrey's Backstage Lounge* from 6 to 8 p.m.



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Play Guitar Naked



highway's song

The Robin Nolan Trio Comes Out Swinging

by David Lang

If you like gypsy jazz and haven't heard the Robin Nolan Trio, you should . . . and you can! Recognized as one of the world's greatest gypsy jazz guitarists, Robin Nolan and his Amsterdam-based trio will be the guests of AcousticMusicSanDiego for a concert on March 4.

While the group draws its inspiration from gypsy jazz in the style of Django Reinhardt and his Hot Club de France, the trio has a decidedly contemporary feel and fire up their music with their own expressive "je ne sais quoi." In demand all over the world, the Robin Nolan Trio have performed at the most prestigious international events. The Beatles' late George Harrison liked them so much, he hired them regularly to play at private parties on the grounds of his English country estate.

In 1991 Robin Nolan was in London studying at the Guildhall School of music and playing on the jazz and contemporary music scene. It was there he met Paul Meader, who played acoustic bass, and along with Anthony Williams on rhythm guitar, who had already been a musical companion of Robin's for several years, the Robin Nolan Trio was formed.

Earlier that year Robin had been to the annual Samois Festival de Jazz in France, where the legendary Django Reinhardt is laid to rest, and fell in love with the musical style of the gypsy musicians he had seen playing there. During the summer the trio busked around London with street performances in Covent Garden and Leicester Square.

The following June, after attending the annual Django Reinhardt Festival, the Trio added the smooth brush sounds of drummer Marc Meader and the Robin Nolan Swing Quartet was born. That summer, after a successful tour of Holland, the quartet decided upon Amsterdam as a home base. December 1992 saw the band traveling to Barcelona for a series of Christmas concerts and street performances. In the new year the quartet returned to Amsterdam with the material well rehearsed for the spring recording of their first CD. In May of 1993 they released their independent debut CD titled the *Robin Nolan Swing Quartet*. It was arranged, produced, performed, and paid for themselves. Recorded on a cold winter's day at Basement Studios in Amsterdam it is a collection of the band's favorite tunes at the time. The CD received a considerable amount of

favorable interest from both the public and the music industry, putting Robin Nolan on the map. People all over the world could now listen to his unique musical voice.

The quartet continued to perform and record throughout Europe over the next few years and in 1994 was invited to play at the Django Reinhardt Festival in Samois-sur-Seine, France. In a line up populated by the most well-known proponents of gypsy jazz, the Robin Nolan Quartet received a standing ovation from the festival audience, comprised of 2,000 of the most knowledgeable fans. It also during this period that the group was hired to play at George Harrison's estate several times. Hired to play a Christmas concert, Robin and Marc wrote a new song for the Harrison family titled "Friar Park" to celebrate the event.

Their third album was released in 1995, featuring three original compositions by the band. Later in the month the quartet was scheduled to appear for the first time at the North Sea Jazz Festival in Den Haag. That Christmas, Harrison invited the band back to Friar Park for a concert that coincided with the release of the Beatles Anthology. It was a star-studded occasion, attended by



Robin Nolan Trio: Robin Nolan, Paul Meader, and Kevin Nolan

many of the world's biggest names in music and show business. Immediately following the gig, Robin Nolan and his quartet flew to Barcelona for a return series of concerts and street shows.

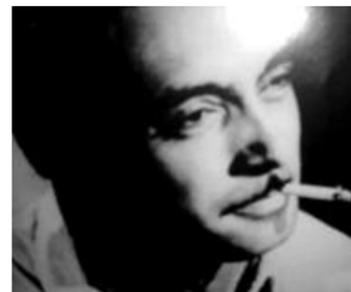
In 1996 Marc Meader left the group, and the band returned to the original line up of lead guitar, rhythm guitar, and acoustic bass. In June of that year the Robin Nolan Trio went on tour, playing the coast to coast Canadian Jazz Festival circuit. They thrilled audiences from Toronto to Vancouver with their exciting brand of gypsy swing.

By the summer of 1997 the trio was playing to sold out performances across Canada, including a standing ovation at the world famous Montreal Jazz Festival. Later that summer, the group played at both the Garden of England Jazz Festival and the Barcelona Jazz Festival, returning

to Holland for a busy winter season to wrap up the year's events. During the next year the band booked dates in England, Poland, Sweden, Austria, Holland, Iceland, Germany, and Spain.

The Robin Nolan Trio continues to tour, perform at jazz festivals around the world, and record.

In October of 1999 the rhythm guitar chair was again up for grabs, this time to be filled by Robin's younger brother Kevin Nolan.



World-Famous Gypsy Jazz Trio from Amsterdam

The Robin Nolan Trio



Friday, March 4, 7:30pm

AcousticMusicSanDiego.com

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Carol Ames Shades of Indigo

by Simeon Flick

Carol Ames has the slick Nashville affectation down so well that it's not hard to see why the song "West Virginia" recently won grand prize in the 2004 John Lennon Songwriting Contest. Her crack ensemble leads Ames through 12 tracks that are excellent examples of the crossover country that has been slowly creeping out of Tennessee and conquering the airwaves for well over a decade now. Any clichés in the writing — and there are some albeit welcome ones — are pleasantly swallowed up in the songs' top-notch production and musicianship. It's as though Ames knows she has the world in the palm of her hand — even the fussy acolytes and jaded professional musician types will be waving unequivocally from her back pocket after hearing scintillating musical hat-tips like dime-stop dynamics, deft solos, and occasional interesting-but-not-off-putting time changes. Ames has such a polished record on her hands that one might wish there were a little more inherent uncertainty to make things more exciting. As it is, *Shades of Indigo* is kind of like being at a Harlem Globetrotters game.

There's an overwhelming sense of professional imminence here. Everything about this Candy Coated Records release, down to the flowery graphics, saccharine poses and the photo of Ames, dainty toenail-painted feet underneath the CD tray (?) seems to knowingly aspire to attainable platinum success. One gets the feeling that Ames will succeed because of — or despite — the subtle artifice of exploited talent in every aspect of this aurally enjoyable record.



Mark Jackson Band Love May Take the Long Road Home

by Simeon Flick

There's no reinventing the wagon wheel here — just good old fashioned country music the way they used to make it. The twangy vocal harmonies shadow each other tightly in idiomatic fashion, close yet relaxed, like undercover cops on a tail. The harmonicas are wheezy and nostalgic like a hobo huddled over this night's campfire; the slide guitars croon languidly like a front porch dog in a summer swelter; the pedal-steel swoons like a long echo up a dusty canyon; and the lyrics are full of those beloved, whimsical, often metaphorical twists and turns of phrase one has come to expect from this love-it-or-leave-it genre (Exhibit A: the title track).

You'll find many country song archetypes represented here. There's the rave-up barnburner ("Western Radio"), the mid-tempo tears-in-beer shuffle ("Pardon Me"), and the serene end-of-hoe-down wind-down (the instrumental "Old Love's Come Again"). An excellent crossover moment comes during the last selection — the aforementioned "Western Radio," which is billed as a bonus live track; the bassist actually does a slap line in the song and takes a nice lengthy slap solo that funkifies the country like Cajun cooking spices up soul food.

Aside from a lack of twang in Jackson's vocals on some cuts, the musicianship is crisp and concise, with lots of professional moments that boost the emotional impact of the music. It's easier to appreciate music when it's been put down right in the studio, and this release definitely benefits from that care.

Good country music recalls the road and the wide-open places of North America where country music is all your radio can pick up on a long sojourn through the heartland. This record emanates that laid-back road trip vibe in spades.



Meghan La Roque Drunk in a Kiss

by Tom Paine

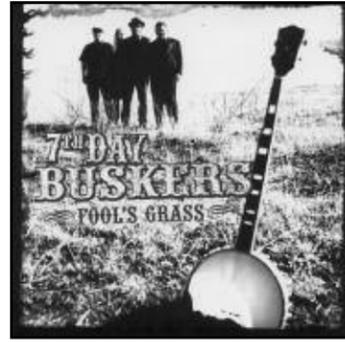
On this seven-song EP Meghan La Roque and producer David Ybarra take you into an urban landscape of sexual longing, broken dreamers, and the closed fists of redemption. Skirting the edges of the inevitable comparisons to Chrissy Hynde and Shirley Manson (of Garbage), La Roque proves herself a powerful rock vocalist whose languid heat turns closed fists into open hands.

Often favoring trance and atmospheric over melody and song craft, La Roque and Ybarra draw us into a dream world of beats and loops and bleeps and clicks and ghostly vocal effects. The alienation of the postmodern era is the alphabet soup from which these songs are constructed. I like it. Give me a bigger spoon.

For a limited time, this EP includes a bonus track, a duet with Pete Thurston. It's the old Nancy Sinatra chestnut "Summer Wine" performed to stunning effect. The good news is this is a great song. The bad news is that this is my favorite song on the record, and it made me realize how much I really missed melody and structure in La Roque's own material.

But the bottom line is *Drunk in a Kiss* does a good job of capturing the passionate, smoky power of La Roque's live show. Sometimes it isn't about clever lyrics or fresh melodies. Sometimes the most powerful music is music that pulls you into a dream world of almost chilling cinematic clarity, a world where you think you don't belong, and then it pulls you in, and its heart begins to beat with yours and anger becomes acceptance and you feel the open hands of redemption unbuttoning your jeans.

Drunk in a Kiss is available at www.meghanlaroque.com and www.rockyourecords.com.



7th Day Buskers Fool's Grass

by Tom Paine

Americana heavy hitters the 7th Day Buskers pour timeless truths out of dusty old bottles that long ago lost their labels. You can smell the barn wood and the hay and the new rain on the soil. You can hear the trees rustling in the twilight. The warmth of the kitchen light is pulling you in off the porch. This is where American music lives.

Current holders of the San Diego Music Awards Best Americana Band trophy, the 7th Day Buskers blend folk, bluegrass, and the best of the singer-songwriter tradition. Pleasing live audiences comes naturally to the Buskers. Capturing that charm in the recording studio is another matter. But they did it. Minimal overdubbing and the absence of click tracks and auto tuners help give this album its brutal authenticity. But the recording technique isn't the album's source of the greatness. Its greatness lies in the two core strengths of this band: their musical prowess and the epic depth of Shawn P. Rohlfs' song writing.

Rohlfs' range as a writer is evident as he takes you through the deadpan humor of "Sky Ain't Soft" and "No'Dak Special," then turns hard into the pathos of "Backstage Johnny," perhaps the finest character study about a stage hand ever written. On "Last Tin Soldier" Rohlfs marches fearlessly into what in the hands of a lesser writer might seem trite, the utter futility and sadness of war. "Prodigal Son" conveys a familiar folk theme, namely an outlaw's mea culpa to his mother, saved from cliché by the profoundly tender sincerity of its voice and vivid slash and burn imagery of outlaw life. Rohlfs' stories stay with you long after the music stops. But, oh, what glorious music.

The Buskers' musical mastery is made all the more stunning by the complete absence of pretension or flash. Laying it down hard and true are Robin Henkel on dobro; Melissa Harley on fiddle; Ken Dow on upright bass and harmony vocals; and Steve Peavey on mandolin, guitar, and harmony vocals; with Shawn P. Rohlfs playing guitar, banjo, and harmonica, and handling nearly all of the lead vocals.

Fool's Grass grows stronger with each listen, setting its blooms high and lonesome above roots that run deep into the American soil. Available at www.7thdaybuskers.com.



The Gandhi Method Hi

by Craig Yerkes

Do you remember the Beatles white album? I do. To me, that album connected two worlds of music making. Certain tracks demonstrated sufficient studio magic to make it seem otherworldly. Other tracks made you feel like you were sitting in the same room. *Hi*, a new CD by the Gandhi Method, has that same dual effect and appeal.

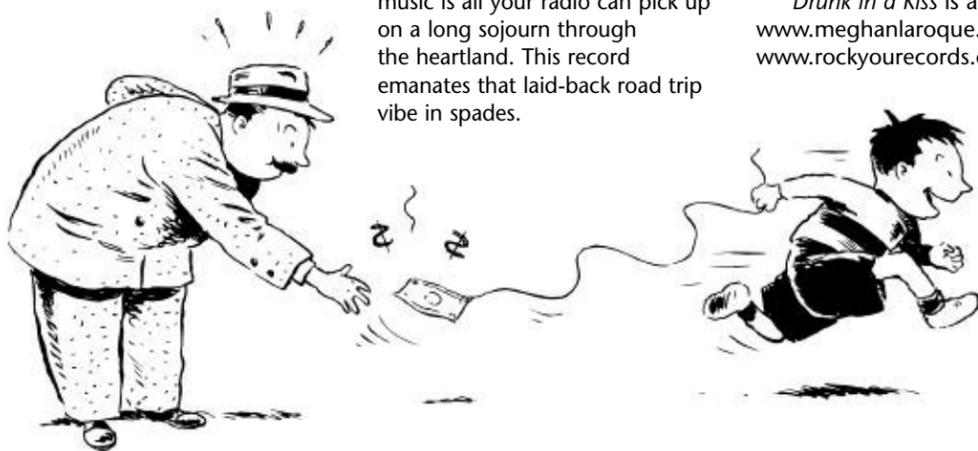
Some tracks feel close up and intimate; others sound otherworldly. For example, "Things Change" begins as a catchy, straightforward acoustic rocker, but then here come the background vocals culminating in a finely layered wall of sound that transports us from the living room to Gandhis in the sky with diamonds. On "Justice" the subtle addition of delayed vocal shouts shifts the feel from in your face to a dreamlike state. Throughout the recording, you will find constant surprises as well as a deep, diverse pool of musical pleasure to draw from.

Chuck Schiele's unmistakable guitar work provides the rhythmic and melodic backbone on *Hi* while Sven-Erik Seaholm is the studio genius who adds his magical touches throughout. Cathryn Beeks provides the emotional center to it all, using her powerful voice in all the right spots. Listen to how Schiele's stellar guitar work on "Home" provides the rock-solid anchor while Beeks passionately conveys the story and Seaholm adds his subtle wizardry behind it all.

On "Diva Supernova" you hear the sum of the parts come alive with breathtaking harmony vocals on a track that must have been even more fun to record than to listen to. "Cry Baby Blue" provides an instantly irresistible melancholy pop ballad that begs listening to again as soon as it's over. "Bring Him" should be an instant hit with the ladies, but listen closely so as not to miss the wonderful guitar solo and the beauty of the lead vocal.

The artfully and intelligently written lyrics more than do justice to the level of musicianship, even if they sometimes lean rather heavily in the direction of finger pointing.

Hi impresses and delights with its sneaky, multi-layered, and heartfelt approach. You won't want to take *Hi* out of your CD player once you put it in.



'round about

MARCH CALENDAR

Tuesday • 1

Four Winds, North County Bluegrass/Folk Club Mtg., Round Table Pizza, 1161 E. Washington, Escondido, 7pm.
B.B. King/Lafayette & the Leasebreakers, 4th & B, 8pm.

wednesday • 2

7th Day Buskers/Bartender's Bible, Casbah, 9pm.
Duffy/Kim DiVincenzo, Lestat's, 9pm.

thursday • 3

Chris Carpenter/Michele Rae Shipp/Proper Jive/Kellis David, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Pete Thurston, Lestat's, 9pm.
High Grass Rollers, The Dog, Pacific Beach, 9pm.

friday • 4

Robin Nolan Trio, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield, 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.
Chris Williamson CD Release w/ Nina Gerber, The Center, 3909 Centre St., 7:30pm.
Blue Largo, Pannikin, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Derek Evans/Brian Goodwin/Dave's Son/Until John/Keri Highland/New Dadaists, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Steve Feierabend/Friends, Dizzy's, 8:30pm.
Greg Laswell CD Release/Jackie Daum, Lestat's, 9pm.
Jonny Lang Acoustic Band, 4th & B, 9pm.

saturday • 5

Mark Jackson Band CD Release/Shadowdogs, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Mark Spoelstra/Peggy Watson, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm. 858/566-4040.
Gene Perry & Friends, Dizzy's, 8pm.
Pat Metheny Group, Spreckels Theatre, 121 Broadway, 9pm.
Hugh Gaskins/Matt Costa/Just John & the Dude/Vavak/The Westgoing Zax, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Berkley Hart, Lestat's, 9pm.

sunday • 6

Omar Faruk Tekbilek, World Beat Cultural Center, 2100 Park Blvd., 8pm. 619/230-1237.
Dave Douglas & Nomad, Athenaeum Studio of the Arts, 4441 Park Blvd., 8pm.
Sara Petite, Lestat's, 9pm.

monday • 7

Carlsbad Multicultural Arts Festival through March 12. 760/434-2900.
"Dr. Banjo" Pete Wernick's Banjo

Workshop, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 7pm. Info: 619/280-9035.
Tejano/Latin jazz, Dizzy's, 7pm.

tuesday • 8

"Dr. Banjo" Pete Wernick in concert, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 7pm. Info: 619/280-9035.

wednesday • 9

Fabulous Thunderbirds, Belly Up, 7pm.
Myshkin's Ruby Warblers & Gwendolyn, Dizzy's, 8pm.
Anna Troy/Alex Woodard, Lestat's, 9pm.

thursday • 10

Marina V/Proper Jive/Davida/Campaign for Quiet, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Mt. Egypt/Matt Costa/Simon Dawes, Lestat's, 9pm.

friday • 11

Fred Benedetti, Dizzy's, 8pm.
The Hank Show, Cask & Cleaver, 3757 S. Mission Rd., Fallbrook, 8pm.
Third Coast Jazz Trio, Pannikin, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Jackie Daum/Borne/Pete Nguyen/Keth Housel, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Travis Davis/Curtis Peoples/Saba, Lestat's, 9pm.
Aimee Mann, Belly Up Tavern, 9:15pm.

saturday • 12

High Grass Rollers, Blind Melon's, Pacific Beach, 4pm.
Hookeyfest w/ Steve Poltz/Coyote Problem/Bay City Rollers/Private Domain/Sally's Gap/FM Revolver, 2955 Jamacha Rd., Rancho San Diego, 5pm.
Jim Earp, Borders Books, 159 Fletcher Pkwy., El Cajon, 7pm.
Pacific Camerata, St. Andrew's by the Sea Episcopal Church, 1050 Thomas, 7:30pm.
Calder String Quartet, First Unitarian Church, 4190 Front St., 7:30pm.
Gilbert Castellanos, Dizzy's, 8:30pm.
Martin Storrow/Ashley Matte/Reserved 16/Will Edwards/Tim Mudd, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Anya Marina/Ashley Matte, Lestat's, 9pm.

sunday • 13

Michael Tiernan CD Release w/ Sven-Erik Seaholm/Coyote Problem/Crash Carter/Dennis Bergstrom, Belly Up Tavern, Solana Beach, 4pm.
Robin Henkel Quintet, Dizzy's, 7pm.
Lucy Kaplansky, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7pm. 858/566-4040.
The Limelitters, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650

Mansfield, 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.
Andreamax Band/Campaign for Quiet, Lestat's, 9pm.

monday • 14

Dana Reason Trio, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, 7:30pm.

wednesday • 16

Kris Delmhorst, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield, 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.
Rahim Alhaj, Dizzy's, 8pm.
21 Grams, Winstons, Ocean Beach, 9pm.
Tim Corley/Will Edwards/Nathan Aaron/Jane Lui, Lestat's, 9pm.

thursday • 17

Joan Enguita/Bridget Brigitte/Simply Complex/Josie's Ghost/Carol Ames/Mike Dawson/Free Range Chickens, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, Shelter Island, 6:30pm.
Joe Cocker, Pala Casino Resort, 7:30pm.
Todd Martin/Meghan La Roque/Gabriella Laicata w/ John Randolph/Proper Jive, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Acoustic Underground w/ Jimmy Patton, Lestat's, 9pm.

friday • 18

Jazz Big Band from Salpointe Catholic H.S., Dizzy's, 8pm.
Jim Earp, Borders Books, 1072 Camino Del Rio N., 8pm.
Coyote Problem, The Packing House, 125 S. Main St., Fallbrook, 8pm.
George Svoboda, Pannikin, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Todd Martin/Josh Hall/Jennifer Lee/Curtis Peoples/Hunter Harvey, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Bushwalla/Biddy Bums, Lestat's, 9pm.

saturday • 19

Temecula Bluegrass Festival w/ Byron Berline, Sidesaddle, Donner Mountain, Silverado, Andy Rau, High Wills, Suzie Glaze, 11am-7pm. Info: 951/694-6412.
Hip Graffiti CD Release, Park Manor Suites, Sixth & Spruce Sts., 7pm. 619/291-1234.
Dave Stamey, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield, 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.
Jim Earp, Borders Books, 11160 Carmel Dr., 8pm.
Flutology, Neurosciences Institute, 10460 John Jay Hopkins Dr., 8pm.
Peter Sprague/Pass the Drum, Dizzy's, 8pm.
Todd Martin/Tim Mudd/Jen Knight/Meagan Tubb, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Gregory Page, Lestat's, 9pm.
Big Sandy & his Flyrite Boys/Golden Hill Ramblers/Buzzbombs, Casbah, 9pm.

sunday • 20

Temecula Bluegrass Festival w/ Byron Berline, Sidesaddle, Donner Mountain, Silverado, Andy Rau, High Wills, Suzie Glaze, 11am-5pm. Info: 951/694-6412.
Women's History Month Celebration w/ Danielle LoPresti/Alicia Champion/Saba/Jane/Cathryn Beeks/Julie Wolf/Drop Joy, The Center, 3909 Centre St., 3pm.
Masayo Norikura & Robert Williams, Dizzy's, 6pm.
Steve Gillette & Cindy Mangsen, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 7pm. 858/566-4040.
Chris Smither, Dark Thirty House Concert, Lakeside, 7:30pm. Info: 619/443-9622.
Byron Berline Band/Chris Stuart & Janet Beazley, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield, 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.
Angela Correa CD Release, Lestat's, 9pm.

monday • 21

Jean-Michel Pilc Trio, Dizzy's, 8pm.

wednesday • 23

Not So Silent Film Festival screens Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde accompanied by the Teeny-Tiny Pit Orchestra, S.D. Museum of Art, Balboa Park, 6:30pm.
Kevin Hennessy & Friends, Dizzy's, 8pm.
Elvis Costello, 4th & B, 8pm.

thursday • 24

Dead Rock West, Meeting Grace, Normal Heights, 8pm. lizzie@meetinggrace.com.
Wayne Shorter Tribute, Dizzy's, 8:30pm.
Proper Jive/Joan Enguita, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

WEEKLY

every sunday

7th Day Buskers, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am.
Connie Allen, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., noon-5pm.
Traditional Irish Music, Tom Giblin's Pub, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 3pm.
Irish Dance, Dublin Square, 554 Fifth, 3pm.
Celtic Ensemble, Twiggs, 4pm.
Traditional Irish Music, R. O'Sullivan's, 188 E. Grand Ave., Escondido, 4pm.
Traditional Irish Music & Dance w/ Cobblestone, 5-6:30pm/Boxty Band, 6:30-10pm., The Field, 544 Fifth Ave.
Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).
Open Mic Night, Blarney Stone Pub, 5617 Balboa Ave., 9pm.
The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice, 10-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

every monday

Connie Allen, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., noon-5pm.
Tango Dancing, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 8pm.
Open Mic Night, Lestat's, 7:30pm.

every tuesday

Connie Allen, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., noon-5pm.
M-Theory New Music Happy Hour, Whistle Stop, South Park, 5-7pm.
Zydeco Tuesdays, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 7pm.
Open Mic Night, Cosmos Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., La Mesa, 7pm.
Open Mic Night, Crossroads Cafe, El Cajon, 7pm.
Traditional Irish Music, The Ould Sod, 7pm; Bridget Stone, Clairemont, 8:30pm.
Comedy Night w/ Mark Serritella, Lestat's, 9pm.

every wednesday

Joe Rathburn, The Galley, 550 Marina Pkwy, Chula Vista, 6:30-9:30pm.
Clay Colton/Craig Yerkes, Monterey Bay Cannery, Oceanside, 7pm.
Pride of Erin Ceili Dancers, Rm. 204, Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, 7pm.
High Society Jazz Band, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 7pm.
Sue Palmer Supper Club w/ Deeja Marie & Sharon Shufelt, Caffe Calabria, 3933 30th St., 6-8pm.

The Few/The Outline/Illusion 33, Lestat's, 9pm.

friday • 25

Caballero-Verde Quintet, Dizzy's, 8pm.
Primasi, Pannikin/Bookworks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Lauren DeRose/Carlos Olmeda/Rheanna Downey/Shawn & Chris, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
May River, Lestat's, 9pm.

saturday • 26

Spring Harp Fest, Harry Griffen Park, La Mesa, 11:30am-5:30pm.
Keven Lettau w/ Peter Sprague/Mike Shapiro/Kenny Wild, Dizzy's, 8pm.
Kim DeVincenzo/J. Turtle/Pete Stewart/The Bittersweets/Ryan Aufferberg, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Diane Water/Carlos Olmeda, Lestat's, 9pm.

sunday • 27

Arman Birthday Bash, Lestat's, 9pm.

monday • 28

Siren's Lure/Taylor Harvey Band/Bridget Brigitte/Big Fellas/For Ever After/Broken Silence/Dropjoy, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, Shelter Island, 6:30pm.

tuesday • 29

Ronny Calo, Honey Bee Hive, 1409 C St., 9pm.

wednesday • 30

Asleep at the Wheel, Belly Up Tavern, 7pm.
Caballeros Verde, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

thursday • 31

Proper Jive/Alex Woodard/Kai Brown, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

The Parting Glass (Celtic ensemble), Turquoise Cafe-Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7:30pm. (every Wed. except Feb. 23.)

Open Mic Night, The Packing House, 125 S. Main St., Fallbrook, 8pm.

Open Mic Night, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

Highland Way, Tom Giblin's Pub, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 8:30pm.

Pat Molley, Egyptian Tea Room, 4644 College Ave., 9:30pm.

every thursday

Irish Music Class, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 7-8pm.

Sue Palmer, Martini's, 3940 4th Ave., 7pm.

Open Mic Night, Just Java Cafe, 285 Third Ave., Chula Vista, 7-10pm.

Open Mic Night w/ Timmy Lee, The Packing House, 125 S. Main, Fallbrook, 8pm.

Traditional Irish Music, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 8:15pm.

Joe Byrne, Blarney Stone, Clairemont, 8:30pm. (also Fri. & Sat.)

Clay Colton/B.J. Morgan, R. O'Sullivan's, 188 E. Grand Ave., Escondido, 8:30pm.

Swing Thursdays, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

Brehon Law, Tom Giblin's Pub, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 9pm (also Fri. & Sat.)

Jazz, Latin Jazz, Bossa, & Blue, Turquoise Cafe-Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St. Call 858/488-4200 for info.

every friday

Connie Allen, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., noon-5pm.

California Rangers, McCabe's, Oceanside, 4:30-9pm.

Clay Colton/Colin Beasley, R. O'Sullivan's, 188 E. Grand Ave., Escondido, 8:30pm.

Irish Folk Music, The Ould Sod, 9pm.

Open Mic Night, Egyptian Tea Room & Smoking Parlour, 4644 College Ave., 9pm.

Jazilla, Turquoise Cafe-Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 9pm.

every saturday

Connie Allen, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., noon-5pm.

Talent Showcase w/ Larry Robinson & the Train Wreck Band, The Packing House, 125 S. Main St., Fallbrook, 8pm.

Clay Colton Band, Tom Giblin's Pub, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 9pm.

Christian/Gospel Open Mic, El Cajon. Info: J.D., 619/246-7060.

Phil Harmonic Sez:



"Man stands in his own shadow and wonders why it's dark."

— Zen saying

Acoustic Expressions Presents:
The Mark Jackson Band CD Release Party

"Love May Take the Long Road Home"
Saturday Evening, March 5 starting at 7:00pm
Two-time San Diego Music Award nominated Mark Jackson Band

- 2003 Best Americana Album "Vigilante Road"
- 2004 Best Country Band

For more information go to www.markjacksonband.com

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Sounds Like San Diego — benefit for Lou Curtiss

Photo: Steve Covault



Lou and Virginia Curtiss

Photo: Steve Covault



A.J. Croce

Photo: Steve Covault



Adam Gimbel

Photo: Steve Covault



Chuck Schiele

Photo: Steve Covault



Derek Duplessie

Photo: Steve Covault



Crag Yerkes of 21 Grams

Photo: Steve Covault



The Shambles with Chris Davies

Photo: Steve Covault



Billy Shaddox

Photo: Steve Covault



Jose Sinatra and Phil Harmonic

CD Release at the Whistle Stop

Photo: Ron Baker



7th Day Buskers CD Release

Photo: Steve Covault



Modern Rhythm

Photo: Steve Covault



Four Eyes

Photo: Steve Covault



Carol Ames

Photo: Millie Moreno



Dani Carroll and Tom Flannery

Photo: Ron Baker



Calman Hart & Jeff Berkley with Eve Selis

O Berkley Where Hart Thou?

Photo: Steve Covault



Robin Henkel and Jeff Berkley

Photo: Wes Taylor



Jenn Grinels

Photo: Steve Covault



Angela Patua

Photo: Ron Baker



Steve Earle



7th Day Buskers with Tim Flannery backstage

Photo: Ron Baker



Keltic Karma

Photo: Lois Bach



Carlos Olmeda

The Coyote Problem CD Release

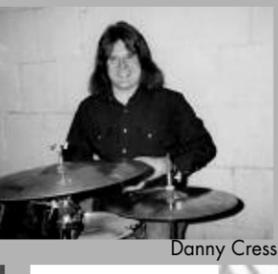
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Marcia Claire

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Danny Cress

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Peter Bolland

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Peter Bolland & Sven-Erik Seaholm

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Beppe Gambetta and Dan Cray

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Los Californios
Roy Ruiz Clayton

★ Honeyboy Edwards

The Delta Sisters
Earl Brothers
Kenny Hall
Julie Henigan
Holdstock & MacLeod

Tomcat Courtney
E-Z Mark
Golden Hill Ramblers
Patty Hall
Larry Hanks & Mike Marker
Robin Henkel
High, Wide, & Handsome

★ Little Pink Anderson

Janet McBride
Mary McCaslin
New Lost Melody Boys
Sourdough Slim

New Smokey Mountain Boys
The Rock Trio w/ Joey Harris
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Schedule and performers subject to change.



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